we were two dayes old at ſea, a Pirat of very warlike appoint-
ment gave us chaſe. Finding our ſelves too ſlow of ſaile, we put on
a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: in the in-
ſtant they got cleere of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner.
They have dealt with me like theeves of mercy, but they knew
what they did; I am to do a turne for them. Let the King have the
Letters I have ſent, and repaire thou to me with as much ſpeed as
thou wouldſt flye death. I have words to ſpeake in thine eare will
make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the
matter, theſe good-fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Roſen-
craus* and *Guyldenſterne* hold their courſe for *England*, of them I
have much to tell thee. Farewell.

So that thou knoweſt thine,
Hamlet.

Hora. Come, I will make you way for theſe your Letters,
And doe't the ſpeedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeale,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father ſlaine
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceed not againſt theſe feates
So criminall and capitall in nature,
As by your ſafety, greatneſſe, wiſdome, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd up.

King. O for two ſpeciall reaſons,
Which may to you perhaps ſeem much unſinnow'd,
But yet to me tha're ſtrong: the Queen his mother
Lives almoſt by his lookes, and for my ſelfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is ſo conclive to my life and ſoule,
That as the ſtarre moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her: the other motive
Why to a publike count I might not goe,
Is the great love the generall gender beare him,

Who

Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the Spring that turneth wood to ſtone,
Convert his gyves to graces, ſo that my arrowes
Too ſlightly timbered for ſo loved armes,
Would have reverted to my bow againe,
But not where I have aim'd them.

Laer. And ſo I have a noble father loſt,
A ſiſter driven into deſperate tearmes,
Whoſe worth, if praiſes may goe backe again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

King. Breake not your ſleeps for that, you muſt not thi
That we are made of ſtuffe ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our beards be ſhooke with danger,
And thinke it paſtime: you ſhortly ſhall heare more.
I lov'd your father, and we love our ſelfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Meſſenger with Letters.

Meſſ. Theſe to your Majeſty, this to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet?* who brought them?

Meſſ. Sailers my Lord they ſay, I ſaw them not,
They were given me by *Claudio*, he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you ſhall heare them: leave us.
High and mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on you
dome: to morrow ſhall I beg leave to ſee your Kingly eye
I ſhall (firſt asking you pardon) thereunto recount the occ
my ſudden returne.

King. What ſhould this meane? are all the reſt come b
Or is it ſome abuſe, and no ſuch thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked!
And in a poſt-ſcript here he ſaies alone,
Can you deviſe me?

Laer. I am loſt in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very ſickneſſe in my heart,
That I live, and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didſt thou.